

CHANDAMAMA

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for the Story

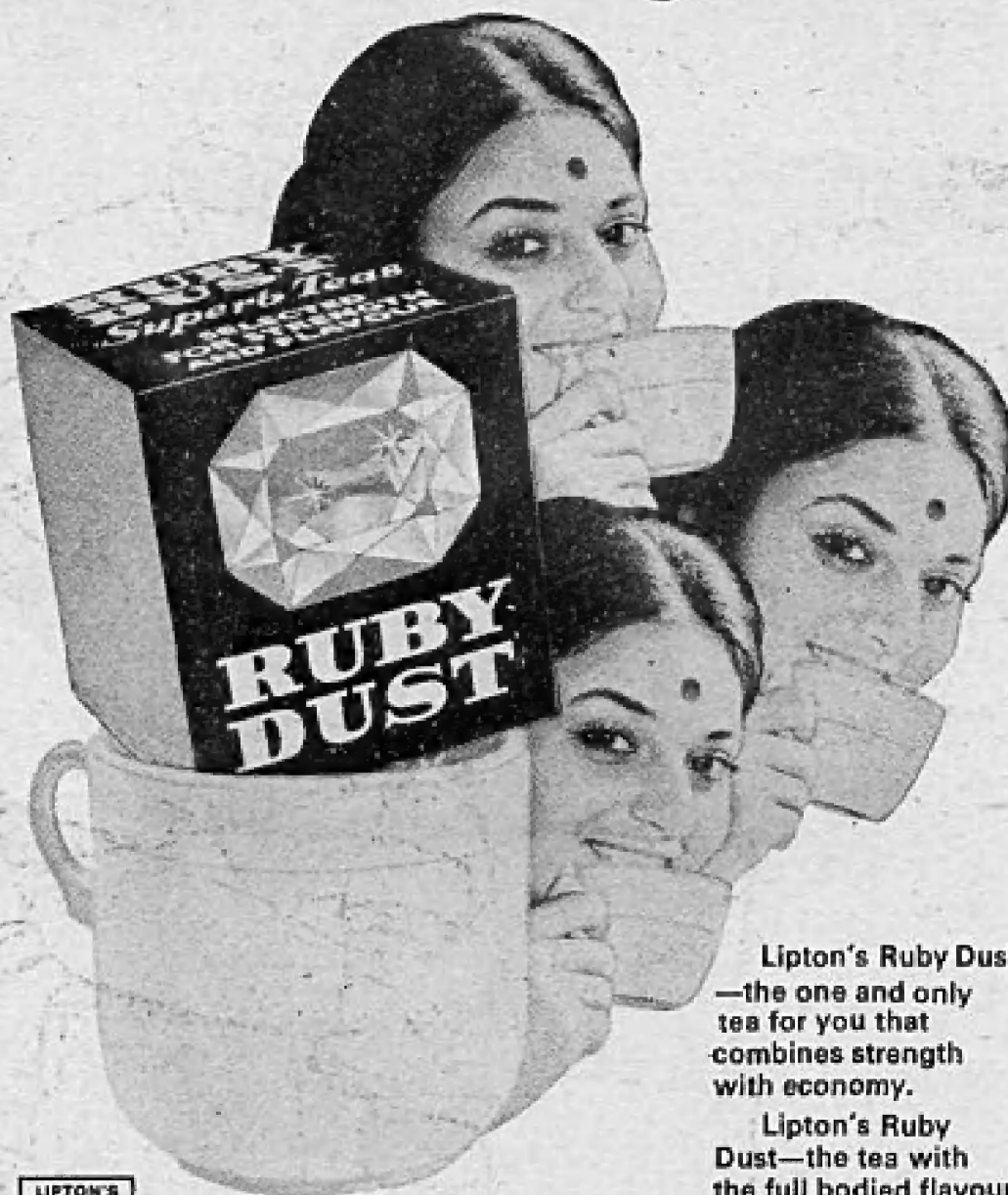


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If there are no correct entries the nearest guess wins the prize. If there are more than one successful entries the Cheque amount will be shared amongst them.

You can send any number of entries as you desire but every entry form must be accompanied by 10 (ten) empty wrappers of NP Crackies Strip pack.

Entries close on May 31, 1974 and the result will be published in The July Issue of Chandamama.

NO CORRESPONDENCE WILL BE ENTERTAINED AND THE DECISION OF THE NP MANAGEMENT IS FINAL.



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ENTRY FEE**

Fill in ink legibly

Corrections and overwritings disqualify the entries.

Contest strictly governed by the rules and regulations laid down.

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IV	508186	501 and 750		Nil
V	508187	251 and 500		Nil

Name _____ Age _____

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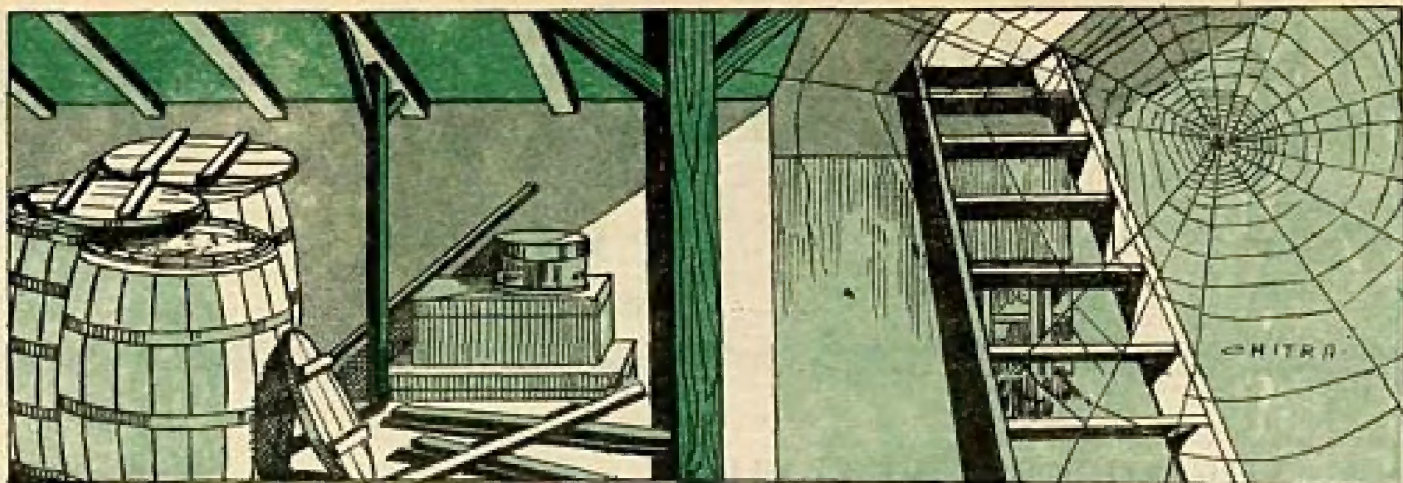
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THE MISER'S WEALTH

Long ago there lived a rich man who was as miserly as he was wealthy. He hoarded his wealth in huge casks which he hid in an underground cellar. The casks overflowed with gold, silver and copper coins.

The owner lived in a dingy house and spent nothing on its repair. He offered the people no help, and never lent his money to any one. Once when there was a huge famine, he did nothing to help, but hindered a lot with his criticism of the government.

One day the country in which he lived was invaded by foreign troops. Thinking of his own safety first, hurriedly he filled his casks with wax underneath which lay the glittering coins. Then he ran off to the next city hoping to return after the

danger was over. He left the casks behind in the cellar because he was certain no one would look twice at the wax.

The invading forces ransacked the city and looted everything they could lay their hands on. They brought out the casks from the miser's house and deposited them before their General.

He took one look at them, wrinkled his nose in distaste and said, "Give these to anyone who'll take them." Who in his right senses would want three barrels full of wax!

There was a candle maker called Dinu and he offered to take the casks home. The General was glad to be relieved of the burden, and Dinu brought the wax laden barrels home.

After the soldiers had all

departed, he dug into the wax, and was surprised to hear the clink of coins. Hurriedly, he prised the wax away from the top and discovered to his great delight, a veritable hoard of gold and silver coins lying below the surface. There was so much wealth here that it was all beyond his imagination.

For fear of discovery, he spent a little at a time just to buy his daily needs, but there remained so much more that he did not know what to do with all that money.

At last he decided to confide in his bosom pal, a tailor named Hamid. One day he ordered a shirt from the tailor and gave

him a few gold coins as payment.

Hamid scratched his head and said, "I can't give you change for so much money. Just tender me the exact charges."

Then Dinu explained how he had come by the gold coins, and how he was in two minds about its right use. He offered half his wealth to Hamid, but the latter declined it saying, "I did not earn it. Therefore I don't want it."

Dinu pleaded with him to take some of the money off his hands and relieve him of a lot of anxiety.

Rather reluctantly Hamid took a handful of gold coins





and said. "Very well. I'll take these. This should see me through life comfortably. I suggest you do likewise. As for the rest, spend it on charity, so that a lot of people can be happy and comfortable. Whoever hoarded this money must have been a great miser, and therefore an enemy of the people."

Dinu was delighted with this suggestion and accordingly spent the money on the poor and the deserving.

After a few days the rich man crept back into the town and visited his shabby home. What was his great grief to

discover his loss! He beat his chest and raved and ran down the street shouting, "My gold and silver, have you seen it?"

People thought he was mad and no one paid any attention to his words. One day, tired and worn out, the rich man came to Dinu's house who, taking pity on his condition, gave him clothes to wear and food to eat.

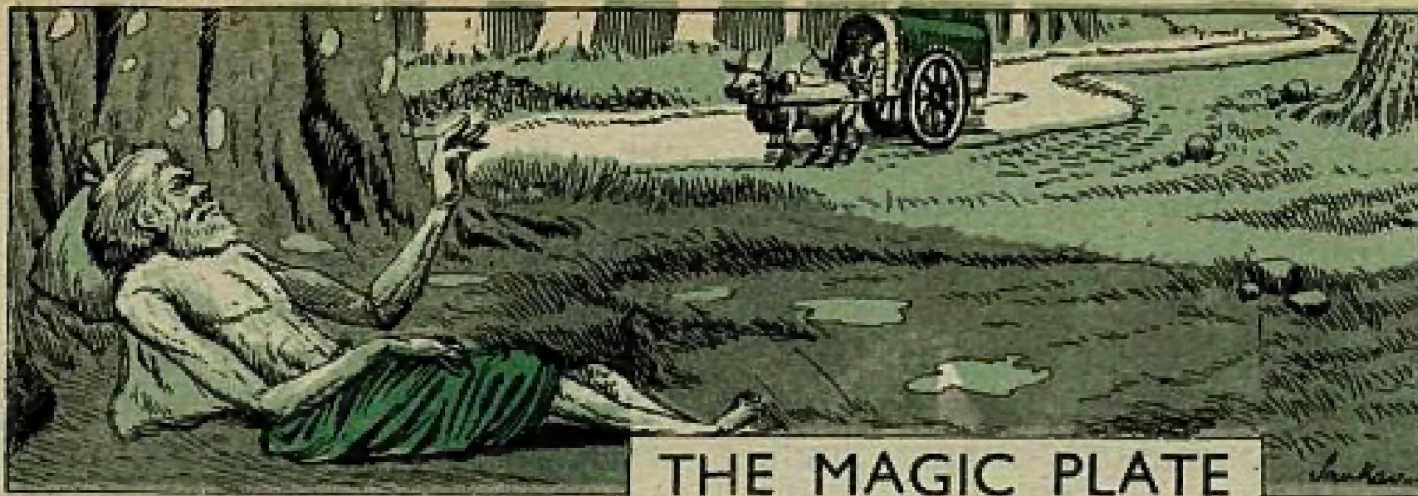
Never for a moment did he suspect that the wretched man standing before him was the rich man whose wealth he was putting to such good use.

RIDDLES

1. Why do we have to go to a friend's house.
2. Which side of a football is always seen by a goalkeeper.
3. Why must a policeman be very strong?

Answers

1. Because the house will not come to us.
2. The outside.
3. Because he may have to hold up traffic.



THE MAGIC PLATE

Long long ago, there lived a cartman named Hari. He was very poor and his entire wealth consisted of that one bullock cart which he used to carry other people's goods. Sometimes he was paid well and at other time had to go without any money. Try as he might he could never get rid of his poverty.

One day he was driving home from the market place when he saw a hermit lying by the roadside. Taking pity on the latter, Hari took him into his cart and drove to his house. His wife was not very happy to see an ailing mendicant brought to the house and berated her husband for his foolishness. But Hari was a kind soul, and paid no heed to her words. Unfortunately for him, the hermit died that night and Hari's wife said with a lot of alarm. "See what you've done. Go and

bury the dead before someone finds out. No one knows that the hermit came to our house. His loss will not be discovered."

Hari carried the corpse and buried it near some bushes close to the forest. He returned home satisfied that no one had seen him.

But another villager had observed Hari's actions and thought that the latter was burying some secret treasure. So feverishly he dug up the spot and gasped to find a corpse there. Hurriedly he left the place afraid that someone might accuse him of the deed.

In the meanwhile Hari went home and saw the hermit's cloth bag lying on the ground. He emptied it and saw a copper plate fall out. He picked it up and saw on its surface some inscriptions. As he could not read he took it to the village schoolmaster. The teacher

asked him how he had come by the plate. So Hari told him about the hermit after carefully omitting the details about the latter's death and the subsequent burial.

The teacher said in some wonder, "Hari, this copper plate contains a magic spell. Recite it on a full moon night and go to the death caves in the forest. The caves will remain open for three quarters of an hour. You can bring back whatever you desire from caves."

So on a full moon night, Hari and the schoolmaster went to the Death Caves. While Hari went in, the teacher stood outside and said, "When I tell you to recite the magic spell, do so, and then take out all the money and wealth you'll find there."

Hari nodded his head and went inside. As he recited the magic spell at the prompting of the teacher an inner chamber opened, allowing him a sight of treasures he had never seen in his life. Gold and silver and precious jewels winked at him. Hari filled the two sacks he had brought and came out. He gave one sack to the teacher and went home.

From that day on, his prosperity was the talk of the village. But the villager who had seen the corpse of the hermit ran to the village constable and told him of what he had seen. So the latter went to Hari and threatened to take him to the prison if he did not reveal the source of his wealth. Hari trembling in fear gave the copper plate to the constable and explained about the magic spell. But he pleaded his innocence in the matter of the death of the old hermit. The constable said he would consider the matter and his heart full of greedy anticipation ran to the Death Caves. He recited the magic spell and got into the treasure chamber. The sight of so much wealth quite turned his head, and he stayed there filling his sacks, well past the three-quarter hour prescribed.

Precisely to the minute, the doors banged shut and the constable was imprisoned for ever.

No one knew what had happened to the constable. But, they found the lamp he had carried, near the mouth of the caves, and concluded that he had met a frightful end.

Hari and the teacher prospered and became wealthy men.

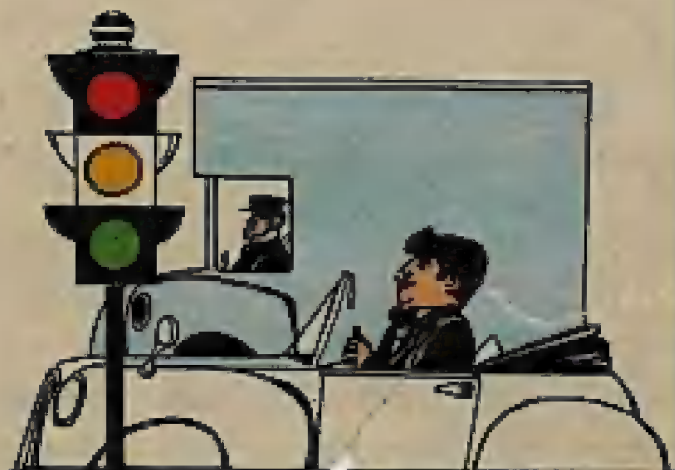


HOW FAST CAN AN OSTRICH RUN?

Though a bird, that too the biggest, Ostrich cannot fly. But it makes up the loss of wing-power by its speed on the ground. At each stride, it covers more than eight yards and can run for quite a long time at a speed of 25 miles an hour. The highest speed ever recorded was 37 miles an hour, but it was only over a short stretch. Yet this is not the most speedy of flightless birds; Emu, the second biggest bird, which inhabits Australia, has a record of 40 miles an hour.

WHO FIRST THOUGHT OF TRAFFIC LIGHTS?

The Americans in 1918, when hand-operated red, green and white lights were used in specially built signal towers in New York. Soon afterwards, the lights were mechanically operated, and this meant that the traffic in the busy centre of the city could be controlled by this means. The automatic lights are now extensively used in India.





Mahmud and the Magic Ring

Once upon a time, in the city of Cairo, in Egypt, there lived a young cobbler named Mahmud. Although he was a good, honest workman, he did not make much money, for there were too many cobblers and not enough shoes to be repaired.

One day Mahmud's friends hurried to his shop and told him that the soldiers were on their way to arrest him, for an enemy had laid a charge against him, falsely accusing him of stealing. The terrified cobbler shut up his shop at once and fled.

He travelled for many miles, pausing only to sleep, until he came to a great city, surrounded by high walls. Thoroughly exhausted, Mahmud sank down on the steps of a big house to rest, and while he was sitting there, the merchant who owned

it, returned. He paused and said, "Tell me, my friend, where do you come from, for by your clothes you seem to be Egyptian."

Mahmud told him that he came from Cairo and the merchant asked if he knew Ahmed, the perfume-seller.

"Ahmed was my next-door neighbour," replied Mahmud. "His three sons were my playmates, but his son Ali, who was my best friend, ran away from home and has never been heard of since."

Then the merchant told Mahmud that he was Ali, his old playmate.

"When I left Cairo," he told Mahmud, "I wandered from place to place, until I reached here. I found the people kind and generous and I told them

that I was a rich merchant and that I had a great caravan of camels, laden with goods, which was on its way to the city. The merchants gladly lent me money until my caravan arrived, so I went out at once and bought goods. I sold them at a profit and bought more goods. In this way, I soon made myself a fortune. I also made friends with all the rich merchants and entertained them lavishly and this helped me. I should advise you to do the same, my friend."

Next morning, Mahmud, dressed in rich clothes and mounted on one of Ali's mules, rode to the market-place, where Ali sat, with the rest of the merchants. Ali greeted Mahmud joyfully and pretended that he was a wealthy merchant from Egypt and Mahmud explained to the other merchants that his camel caravan, laden with rich

goods, was on its way to the city. The merchants were impressed with this finely-dressed man and lent him large sums of money, all of which he gave to the beggars and the poor, who were around.

Ali was horrified at this and he took Mahmud aside and told him that he must spend the borrowed money on goods, instead of squandering it. Mahmud, however, would not listen. "Wait until my caravan arrives, then I will pay it all back," he said and it was useless for Ali to keep saying that he had no caravan and no means of paying the merchants back. Finally, Ali left Mahmud and went home in disgust.

After a few days, when the caravan had not arrived, the merchants became worried about the money they had lent Mahmud and they went and told



the king. Now the king was a greedy man. "If this Mahmud were really poor," he thought to himself, "he would never dare to borrow money and squander it like this. He must be very rich indeed. I must make friends with him and get some of this wealth for myself."

At once, the king sent his Vizier, the Chief Minister, to Mahmud, to offer him the hand of the princess, his daughter, in marriage. Mahmud, of course, was delighted, but explained that he must wait until his caravan arrived, for he wished to scatter gold among the poor on his wedding day. The king, however, told him he could have the gold from the royal treasury and the marriage was celebrated at once.

Mahmud was so liberal that the king's treasure chests were soon nearly empty and still the caravan had not arrived. One night, the princess overheard the Vizier and the king talking together and she hurried quickly to Mahmud. "Tell me," she said. "Is it true that you have a great caravan of richly laden camels, for the royal treasury is empty and the king, my father, is planning to put you in prison unless you return the

money you have borrowed, at once."

Then Mahmud confessed to the princess that he was really a poor cobbler. She roared with laughter and told him to take a horse and flee for his life.

Mahmud took a horse at once and rode away from the city and when the king asked where he was, the princess replied that he had gone to seek for his long-lost caravan.

Mahmud rode on until he came to a large field, where a peasant was ploughing with his two oxen. It was a hot day and Mahmud was tired and thirsty, so he stopped for a rest. He greeted the poor peasant and the peasant, noting Mahmud's dusty clothes, asked him to rest awhile and have a meal. "I will just run to the village and buy some food," said the peasant and although Mahmud offered to ride there himself, the peasant would not hear of it and hurried away.

"I am keeping this old man from his ploughing," said Mahmud to himself. "The least I can do is to carry on ploughing for him, while he is away." He went up to the oxen and guided the plough along the furrow, but before he had gone



far, he struck a heavy stone. "The old man could never move this," thought Mahmud, so he bent down and, tugging and straining, he lifted the great stone. Underneath it lay a gold casket and when he opened it, Mahmud saw inside a gold signet ring engraved with strange signs. Puzzled, he slipped it on his finger and rubbed it, with the corner of his robe, to rub off the dirt. At once, a mighty genie appeared before him. "I am the slave of the ring," said

the genie. "What are your commands, O master?"

"I want a great train of camels each one loaded with gold and gems, precious silks and velvets and perfumes," said the delighted Mahmud.

At that moment, the poor peasant returned and rubbed his eyes with wonder when he saw the great caravan of camels resting in his field and a silk pavilion behind them. He was certain that Mahmud must be some great lord and he fell on



his knees before him. "My lord," he said, "my humble fare is not fit for such a great man as yourself, but it is all I could afford."

Mahmud seated the poor peasant beside him. He himself ate the food which the peasant had brought, but the peasant was provided with a sumptuous meal and rewarded richly for his kindness. Then Mahmud set off for the king's palace.

The king was amazed when news was brought of Mahmud's never-ending caravan of camels, each one laden with precious merchandise, which was winding its way through the city.

Even more surprised was the princess. "Is this another of Mahmud's tricks?" she wondered. "Or was he, perhaps, testing my love when he pretended to be a poor cobbler?"

Then Mahmud arrived at the palace. "Fill the royal treasury," he ordered. When that was full, he had the dungeons filled to the top with gold and precious jewels. Then he sent a magnificent gown and a set of perfect jewels to his wife, the princess, who was overjoyed to have him back.

The greedy king could not lavish enough attention on this son-in-law who was now so rich. Mahmud was declared the heir to the throne and he ruled jointly with the king and lived happily in the palace with his wife, the beautiful princess.

A colorful illustration of a scene in a forest. In the upper left, a man with a long white beard, wearing a red robe and a red turban, sits on a log. He holds a long, thin staff. Five young boys are running towards him from the right. The boys are dressed in various colorful outfits: one in a red tunic, another in a green tunic with a pointed hat, one in a yellow tunic with a red skirt, one in a blue tunic with a red skirt, and one in a red tunic. The background shows large trees and a forest floor with fallen leaves and small plants.

FIVE LITTLE BOYS

This is the story of five little boys and a magician, who lived in Northern Italy. The magician lived in a cottage which stood in the middle of a large forest. This magician was not wicked or evil, like some magicians. He was very kind and wise. Every night he hung a lantern outside his cottage to guide travellers, who might have lost their way in the forest.

The five little boys lived on the edge of the forest and they would often visit the magician and talk to him. He never got tired of answering the many, many questions that they were always asking him. One day

one of the boys asked the magician: "Is it true that you have some treasure buried in your house?"

"Yes, it is true," replied the patient old magician. Then he thought to himself, "Now that I am growing old, I do not want the treasure. It will not be any good to me. It would be better to give it to one of these young boys." Then he turned to the boys and said: "I'll tell you what I will do, I will give the treasure to one of you five boys. This is what you must do. At midnight tonight you must start on a journey. Go wherever you like, but you must be back here by sunrise tomorrow, to tell me of the adventures you have had. Then I will judge which of you five deserves the treasure." At midnight the five boys set off. Each one in search of adventure.

Towards sunrise the next day, they began to return, one by one, to the magician's cottage. As each one arrived, he told the old man about his adventures and all the things that he had seen and done. The first boy said: "I got here first, so I should have the treasure." The next boy said: "I have killed a fox, a bright red one." The boy after him said bravely: "I lost my way and had to run through the forest without a path to follow." The fourth boy said: "I sang all the way, so that no one would know I was afraid."

The magician listened patiently to the boys boasting of their adventures and was busily trying to make up his mind, when the fifth boy staggered out of the forest.

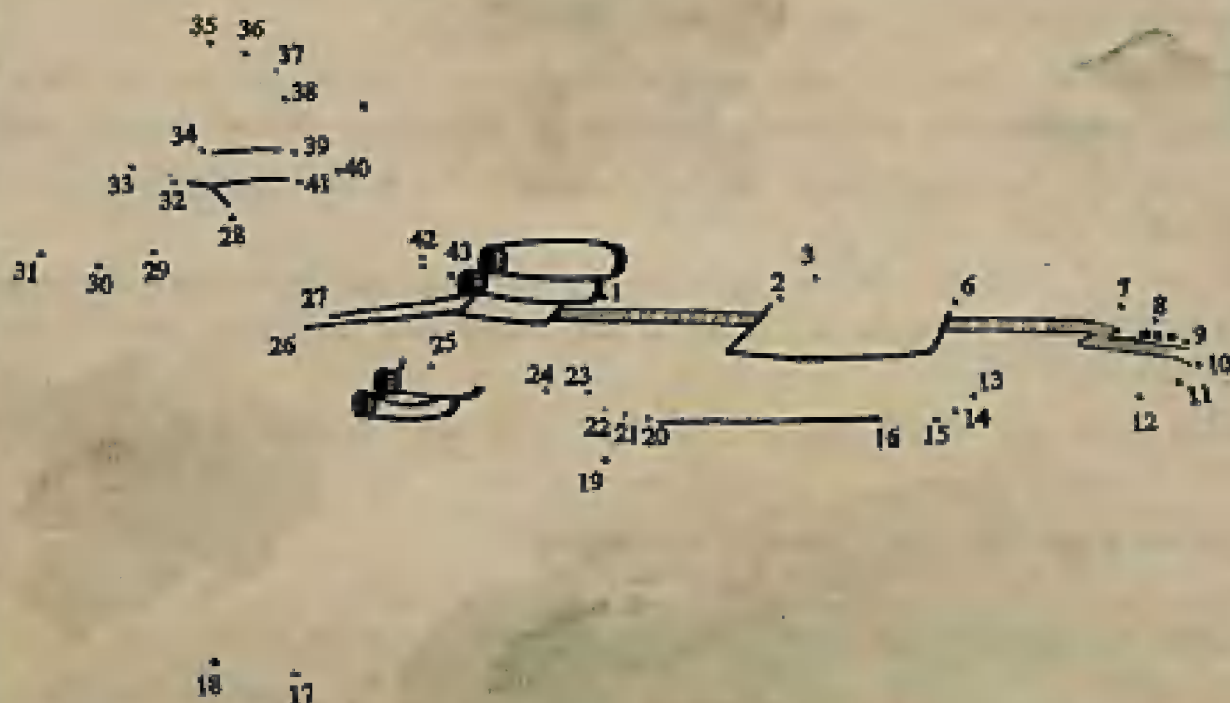
He flung himself down near the doorstep of the cottage and



help?" By now the young boy had got his breath back and he replied: "I did not ask for help because I wanted to win the treasure all by myself and take it home to my mother."

The magician was very pleased to hear the boy's answer. The little boy did not boast about his journey as the other boys had done. The magician gave him the treasure because he was so impressed by the way in which the boy had fought pain and tiredness for the sake of his mother.

4



WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?

1. *Who was the British Prime Minister at the time when India was granted independence?*
2. *Which is the largest oil producing country in the world?*
3. *Who are the three judges of the Supreme Court who resigned over their supersession?*
4. *According to an agreement, the Maharashtra Assembly sits in a city other than Bombay at least once in a year. What is the city?*
5. *The United States Parliament called Congress assembles in CAPITOL. In which city is this building situated?*
6. *Charcoal and diamonds, although they do not look alike, are made up of the same substance. What is it?*
7. *What substance, found in every home, has the chemical formula $C_{12}H_{22}O_{11}$?*
8. *What name is given to the coloured part of the eye?*
9. *Hindi is the largest spoken language in India. Which language occupies the second place?*
10. *Trivandrum is the capital of Kerala, but the Kerala High Court is housed in a different city. What is it?*
11. *Rabindranath Tagore and Sir C. V. Raman were the two Indians honoured with the coveted Nobel Prize. But who won it first?*
12. *A country in the East has adopted the triangle, emblem of the Indian Family Planning Campaign for its family planning programmes. Which country is it?*
13. *Who won the first world cup hockey tournament? Where and when was it conducted?*
14. *In the history of Olympics only one runner retained the Marathon Championship which he won previously. What is his name and to which country does he belong?*
15. *In which year did India register its first win and bagged gold medal in Olympic hockey?*

Now Turn to Page 47 and Check your score!

When you let money speak for you, it drowns out anything else you meant to say.

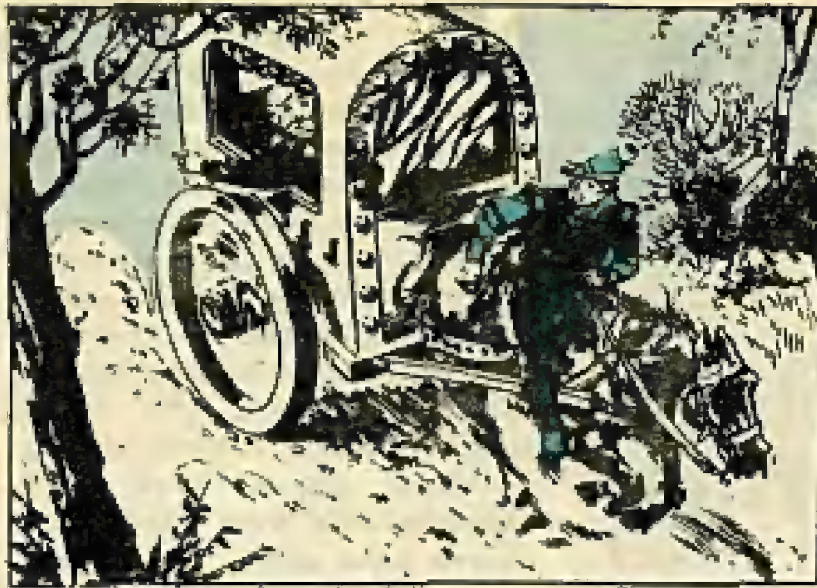
—Mignon McLoughter



Robin Hood went to Nottingham to fetch a doctor because Maid Marian was ill. Unfortunately, the Sheriff also needed the doctor. He surprised Robin and Little John there and called for their arrest. Acting swiftly Robin made prisoners of the doctor and the Sheriff and hustled them outside. Before the Normans could interfere he bundled them both into the Sheriff's own coach and drove at a crazy speed out of Nottingham.

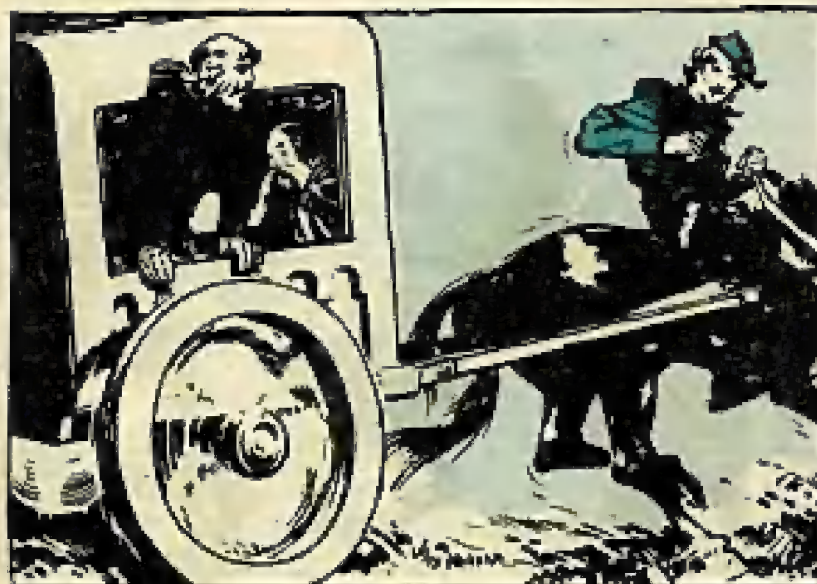
The good folk recognised Robin and laughed at the sight of the terrified Sheriff being taken for a ride by two brave and cheeky outlaws. It was a reckless ride through the cobbled streets, and caused a lot of excitement in the city, which was no help to Robin because it made two Norman soldiers look round. They saw the Sheriff in the coach and raised the alarm.





Robin, however, got the coach out of the city. Little John kept a smart look-out behind them and soon he was shouting to Robin, "Faster! They are after us!" It was true. A band of Norman soldiers was in pursuit.

The Normans on their sturdy horses galloped as fast as they could after the swaying, bumping coach. Robin was glad they had not chased him in the narrow streets of the city. He hoped he could get to Sherwood in safety.



But the clumsy old coach was not built for speed. It was only for use in the city. Now, with three big men inside, it creaked alarmingly. "Our load is too heavy," shouted Robin. "Throw the Sheriff out when I give you the word."

"Right!" chuckled Little John. Robin waited until he saw a soft spot. Then he slowed down and shouted to Little John, "Now!" Little John heard the command. "Out you go, Sheriff," he laughed. "Sorry you can't stay with us."



Helped on his way by a strong push from Little John, the Sheriff shot out of the coach. He landed on a slope of soft grass and rolled down helplessly, finishing up in a slimy duck pond. "Help!" he cried, but nobody heard him.

Even without the weight of the Sheriff, the clumsy old coach could not stand the rough and tumble of that ride to Sherwood. The timbers began to crack and come apart. "The coach is falling to bits!" cried Little John.





No sooner had the words left his lips than the old coach did actually fall apart. The axle broke in two, and the wheels rolled loose. The shafts broke and the terrified horse plunged and kicked, throwing Robin to the ground. Little John and the doctor lay in the midst of the ruins of the coach. Robin leapt clear and was quite unharmed, but he had to leave the horse to help the others get free because the Normans were thundering towards them.



The doctor was so scared that he fainted right away. He lay very still. Robin Hood was dazed and bewildered. He sat up, saying: "Where are we?" Little John answered him sharply: "Close 'to the forest. And I can hear Normans!" Robin sprang to his feet. "I can hear Normans, too!" he exclaimed. "Quick, Little John. Pick up the doctor" and Little John was big and strong. He picked up the doctor as easily as if he had been a small child.



All this time the Norman soldiers astride their sturdy horses were coming nearer and nearer. They saw ahead of them the broken coach and the outlaws. The sight encouraged the Normans and they spurred their horses to greater speed. It certainly looked as if nothing could save Robin Hood and Little John as they raced for the shelter of the trees.

Then the unexpected happened. Allan a Dale, Much the Miller and Will Scarlet had come to see if Robin needed help. It was very lucky for Robin that they were there. The arrows came whistling through the air. "Keep firing, lads," cried Will Scarlet. The Normans tried to keep on after Robin and Little John but the arrows came so thick and fast that they lost their nerve and retreated.





"Thank goodness you came, Will," exclaimed Robin. "Now, help Little John get the doctor to the camp." The doctor had recovered from his faint and was able to walk to the camp, so Robin ran on ahead to get things ready for him.

Marian was worse. She managed to smile up at Robin, weakly, and whispered; "I'm so glad you are back again, Robin." "I have brought a doctor for you," replied Robin: "You will soon be well again, Marian."



However, the doctor looked very grave as he examined the patient. "She is very ill," he told Robin. "I think I can save her but I cannot be sure until tomorrow." All the outlaws were sad because they all loved Maid Marian.

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. Anant Desai



Mr. Dharma N. Prasad

- These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- Rs. 20 will be awarded as prize for the best caption. Remember, your entry must reach us by 31st May.
- Winning captions will be announced in JULY issue
- Write your entry on a POST CARD, specify the month, give your full name, address, age and post to:

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST
CHANDAMAMA MAGAZINE
MADRAS-600 026

Result of Photo Caption Contest held in March Issue

The prize is awarded to

Mr. G. V. Rao

C/185, Babu Camp

Kothagudem Collieries

Pin Code: 507101.

Winning Entry — 'Hunger Code' — 'Vendor Rode'



FROM BEGGAR TO KING

Long ago, in the city of Cairo lived a young man named Kamaal. His father, a humble water carrier had died, a penniless man. The son could not continue the traditional occupation, because he had neither the strength nor the inclination for the strenuous work which water carrying involved.

So he became a beggar, and lived on the alms kind folks gave him. At night he would retire to a mosque wall where he slept with the leather water bags under his head.

One day, a kind hearted merchant dropped five silver coins in his bag and went his way. Kamaal thought he would buy himself a good meal for that money, and so went to the market place. On the way, he saw a small crowd watching the

antics of a tiny monkey. Kamaal was so fascinated by this that he resolved to buy the simian. He exchanged his silver coins for the monkey.

After buying the monkey, Kamaal was faced with the problem of housing it, and feeding it. Turning all this over in his mind he walked towards a deserted cottage he had seen on the way. But the moment he set foot inside the hamlet the monkey changed into a comely youth. Kamaal was frightened out of his wits, but noticing his fear, the young man said softly, "Kamaal, don't be afraid. Take these gold mohurs and buy us some food. Don't ask me who I am. I'll tell you later."

Kamaal did as he was bid and soon returned with some food. Then they slept in that

cottage. In the morning, the young man said, "Kamaal, why should we live in this humble cottage? Let us rent a nice house and live there comfortably. Don't worry about money. See, I have plenty for both of us. First, let us buy ourselves some decent clothes."

Kamaal took the money proffered to him and bought some fashionable clothes. After a pleasant bath in one of the public baths, he donned the clothes bought in the market place.

On seeing him, the youth said, "How nice you look! Like a prince I'd say. It would look even better if you had a princess by your side. That too can be arranged I think."

Then taking out a small parcel he said to Kamaal, "Go and give this to the Sultan. If he asks you what you want, say that you wish to marry his daughter, for so it is decreed by God."

Kamaal who was not a little surprised by all this went to the royal palace and presented himself before the Sultan. The latter was highly surprised to find in the parcel given to him by Kamaal, a set of glittering jewels fit only for the great

monarchs of the world. Then he asked Kamaal what he could give him in return and nearly fell off his throne when the latter asked for the hand of the princess in marriage. He looked long and earnestly at Kamaal, and then whispered something in the ears of his minister. The minister bowed and left the royal presence, only to return a little later with a magnificent pair of diamonds. The Sultan holding these up before Kamaal said, "Can you match these diamonds?"

Kamaal said promptly, "No problem. Tomorrow I'll get you a pair."

At night Kamaal related to his new friend all that had





happened to him at the palace. At that the youth said, "Don't worry. I'll give you diamonds more splendid than the king's own jewels. Give the Sultan five of these."

Kamaal was no longer surprised to see his friend produce the diamonds out of nowhere because by now he had got used to all these strange happenings. When he presented them to the Sultan, the latter could hardly believe his eyes, for the diamonds shone more brightly than all the jewels in his Kingdom. So he consented to the wedding of the princess and Kamaal and in accordance with the law set out the contract on paper.

Kamaal took the document and ran to tell the youth who now said, "Good. Very good. For all that I have done for you, you must do me a small favour. When you are married ask your wife to give you the amulet she wears on her arm. Then you must come and give it to me. That's all I ask of you."

Kamaal promised to do all that his friend asked, and at night when he was alone with his bride asked for the amulet. Without a word his new bride took it off her arm and gave it to him. Taking it he hastened to his former dwelling and handed it over to his friend. Then he retraced his steps towards the palace. But as he stepped into the bride chamber, he fell down unconscious.

After sometime he woke up, and saw to his utter dismay that he was wearing his old rags. As for the royal palace and the lovely princess, not a trace of it could be found. His friend had disappeared too.

Kamaal began to lament and run about like a mad man.

One day, he came to a local voodoo man who saw him and said "Lost your wife have you? You don't know the truth. The monkey you bought is

actually a genie. For a long time he coveted the princess, but could do nothing as long as she had the sacred amulet on her arm. The genie made use of you and has cleverly spirited away your bride. However, I'll help you to trace the genie. Here take this letter I give you, and go to this place. There you will see a lot of people with torches. Accost the leader of that gang and give him this letter. Your wife will be restored to you. I'll collect my reward later."

Kamaal took the letter and ran in great haste to the spot indicated by the voodoo man. As the midnight hour struck, he saw a number of dancing torches coming towards him. He could not see any people holding these, but he saw in the midst of the dancing lights, an airborne throne on which was seated a fierce looking creature. Thinking that this must be the leader mentioned by the voodoo man, Kamaal went forward and respectfully proffered the letter. The king of the Genies, for that's who he was, read the letter and said, "Hey, Adam, you went to Cairo and stole this man's bride. Come forward, so that we may see you."

One fierce looking genie stepped forward reluctantly and muttered, "But she's mine. I found her."

The Genie King said, "Give me her amulet."

Adam, the Genie, not wanting to part with the amulet, tried to swallow it but the Demon King raised his sword and clove his head into two. Then he retrieved the amulet and gave it to Kamaal.

As soon as Kamaal took it in his hand, he found himself transported back to the royal chamber where he found his princess sleeping peacefully. He tied the amulet round her arm, and lay down beside her.

In the morning the muezzin's call woke him up, but no one questioned him about the disappearance of the princess.

After that Kamaal lived happily and when the old Sultan died, took his place on the throne and ruled wisely for a very long time.





SPEEDY

In the forest of a far-away land there lived a monkey named Greedy and a rabbit named Speedy who were friends.

One day as they played by a road that passed through the forest, a man came along carrying some bananas and sugarcane.

"If you were to sit quietly in the middle of the road as if you were hurt," said Greedy to Speedy, "the man would put down his load and try to catch you. As he gets close, you can run away and he will follow you. As soon as the two of you are out of sight. I will take the bananas and sugarcane to a hiding place. Then when the man has gone you can return and we shall have a great feast."

The rabbit followed the monkey's plan and the man put down his load and followed the rabbit, trying to catch him. The rabbit led the man into the forest, then raced into a hole and disappeared. Meanwhile the monkey carried off the bananas and sugarcane to the top of a nearby tree.

AND GREEDY

When the disappeared man returned and found his load had vanished he cursed the rabbit and himself and then carried on his way. A little while later the rabbit returned and began to look for his friend Greedy.

After a long search he saw a pile of banana skins under a tree and there perched on the top branch was Greedy, eating the last banana.

"Where is my share of the food?" asked Speedy.

"You were gone so long," replied Greedy, "and my hunger was so great that I could not wait so I ate up all the food."

"How could you eat it up in so short a time?" asked Speedy.

"If you do not believe me, come up here and see for yourself," said Greedy the monkey, from the tree top.

Greedy then pulled Speedy up into the tree by his long ears and then said, "Look, no more food," and scampered away.

Poor Speedy was afraid to move for fear of falling so he stayed in the tree top for a long

time, until a very old rhinoceros came along and rubbed its t skin against the tree.

"Dear rhinoceros," pleaded Speedy, "you are famed for your strength and generosity. Please let me jump down on your back so that I may get off of this tree."

The rhinoceros being easily flattered, grunted "Yes."

Speedy quickly tumbled off of the tree and landed on the rhino's back, with such a fall that the old rhino fell and broke his neck and died.

Speedy was very frightened and ran away as fast as he could and he did not stop running until he reached the king's palace. There he hid himself under the golden throne. Before long the king and his court and the royal guard all came into the golden throne room. Swords rattled and silk robes swished as the king sat on the throne. Poor Speedy was so excited that he sneezed.

"Who dares to sneeze in my presence?" demanded the king.

All the royal guards stepped forward and Sir

"How dare you sneeze under my throne?" demanded the king and before Speedy could answer the king roared the order "Off with his head."

Shivering with fright, Speedy bravely pleaded, "If Your Majesty will spare my life I will lead your men to a large rhinoceros whose great horn, ground into a fine powder will make wonderful medicine."

"How can you, a small rabbit, lead my men to a rhinoceros?" asked the king.

"If I fail to do this you will lose nothing, except having to cut my head off a little later," said Speedy who was now feeling quite brave.

Finally the king consented and Speedy and the royal guards set off into the forest. Soon they came across the rhinoceros beneath the tree. All the royal guards were amazed to find such a large animal with a huge horn, dead.

When Speedy and the royal guards returned to the palace with the rhino's horn the king was very pleased indeed and named Speedy for sneezing.

"You must have a reward," said the king. "Bring me a fine horse and a fine silk robe." The king presented

them to Speedy.

Wishing everyone goodbye Speedy rode off into the forest.

Before very long he came upon Greedy sitting on the grass.

"Where did you get that fine robe and horse?" asked Greedy.

"The king gave them to me," replied Speedy feeling very grand and important.

"And why did the king give them to you?" asked Greedy looking very puzzled.

"It was because I sneezed under the golden throne," answered Speedy.

Greedy, being greedy, did not stop to ask any more questions. Instead he rushed as fast as he could to the palace. "If a stupid rabbit can receive a silk robe and a fine horse for sneezing under the king's throne surely an intelligent monkey such as myself will be doubly rewarded," he thought.

Once at the royal palace Greedy crept into the golden throne room and hid under the throne. He had not been there long when the king, his courtiers and the royal guard arrived.

Swords rattled and silk robes swished as the king sat on the throne. Then Greedy sneezed as long and loud as he could.

All the courtiers and royal guards looked at each other terrified.

"Who dares to sneeze in my presence?" demanded the king in a rage.

Hearing this Greedy sneezed even longer and louder. This time everyone knew where the sneeze came from and the royal guards rushed forward and dragged Greedy from under the golden throne.

Greedy felt very pleased with himself as the king roared in a very, very loud voice, "Why did you sneeze under my golden throne?"

"I did it for a royal robe and a fine horse," replied Greedy.

"Indeed?" thundered the king. "Well, instead of a silk robe and a fine horse you will find yourself locked up for the rest of your life."

At this the royal guards chained Greedy's hands and feet and he was led away—for being greedy.





THE SUN PENDANT

Mamallava, the king of Mahendrapuri, had four sons named Virendra, Rajendra, Narendra and Surendra. All four were valiant and resourceful. The king loved them impartially, but when the time came for him to choose a successor to the throne, he found himself on the horns of a dilemma. Whom to choose?

The monarch was perplexed in the extreme. He sat for hours in deep thought and went without sleep or food. At last a thought struck him. So he called his sons before him and said, "My dear sons, for the past few days I have been rack-ing my brains to choose a suc-cessor to my throne. I love you all equally, and my choice must be made without prejudice. Therefore, I have thought of a test to decide the most suitable heir to my throne. You re-mem-ber how many moons ago someone stole the precious sun

pendant from the palace. As long as we had the jewel our land enjoyed unlimited pros-perity. But now that the jewel has been stolen, we are having a lot of troubles in our country. There are famine conditions and people are clamouring for food. Therefore, I entrust to you the task of finding the missing pen-dant. He who recovers it will sit on my throne."

At once the four brothers galloped off in different direc-tions to find the amulet. Virendra rode towards the sea-shore and the sailors at the har-bour told him of the possibility of the jewel being found on a certain island.

Thereupon he set sail in a ship and landed on a lonely island. As he set foot on the shore, an enormous elephant broke out from the bushes and ambled towards him. Virendra drew his sword thinking he was about to be attacked. But the

elephant dropped on its knees and draped him with a garland. Suddenly a horde of people from behind raised glad cries of "Long live the king." While Virendra stood speechless with wonder, an old man came forward and said, "Sir, long ago, someone sold an invaluable jewel to our king. Since then everything on this island prospered. But the king of the neighbouring island coveted this jewel and secretly sent spies to slay the king. Our king got wind of this somehow, and he too sent his own spies to poison the other king. Both kings died and we are now without a ruler. The people of both islands have decided that they will jointly choose a king by garlanding the first stranger who sets foot here."

When Virendra heard that the sun pendant had caused all the deaths, he resolved to abandon his search for it. Then he became king of that island and sent word to his father that he had given up the search for the missing jewel.

Rajendra, the second son set out from the palace in search of the stone and at last came to the city of Kamalapuri. There he heard that the princess



would choose for a husband any one of the princes who had been invited to the Swayamvara ceremony. Though he was not an invitee Rajendra went to the Swayamvara and was pleasantly surprised when the princess threw the garland round his neck and made her choice known to all the people.

As the old king of Kamalapuri had no heir, Rajendra ascended the throne after a few months and sent word to his father that he had given up the search for the missing amulet. After all, what was the use of coveting his father's throne when he had already acquired a kingdom to rule!

Narendra, the third prince,



travelled southward and after many days reached the island where Rajendra ruled. But the king could not give him any information about the pendant, and so Narendra continued his travels. While he was passing through a forest, he saw a dazzling hill in the distance which proved to be made of pure gold. As he stood admiring it he felt instinctively that someone stood near him. He looked around but could see no one. Sensing some unknown menace he drew his blade and furiously slashed on all sides. At once a great cry of agony arose and with a thud a hairy head, then a dark body fell before him. It was that of a

demon, and as Narendra stood looking at it a round pebble fell out of the corpse's head.

Quick as thought, the prince secreted it on his person. Just then a host of people came running and greeted him as their saviour and hence their king. While Narendra pondered over the meaning of this, an old man hobbled up and informed him that their late king had been killed by this very demon who had terrorised their kingdom for a long time. Now Narendra must be their king as the people had decided long ago that the slayer of the demon would be their ruler.

So the prince gave up his quest for the sun pendant and settled down to rule the land of the Golden Hill.

Surendra, the youngest son, began his journey in search of the missing jewel. At last he came to Swarnapuri, where Narendra welcomed him hospitably, and learning the reason for his visit gave him the round pebble which he had recovered from the demon's body. Then he said, "Brother, take this pebble. If you keep it in your mouth, you will be invisible.

In this manner you can eavesdrop on people's conversations and easily find out where the pendant is."

Surendra took the pebble and continued westward until he came to the city of Kanchanpuri. Here he heard that the king was in possession of the precious stone. While he was pondering over ways and means of recovering the jewel, he heard the town crier announce that the king had offered to give the princess in marriage to the one who could recover the sun pendant which had apparently been stolen by someone. Surendra determined to find out the culprit. But first he had to have the details about the theft. So he went to the king and asked for more information. But the king did not answer him.

Surendra realised that the king was secretly afraid that whoever recovered the jewel, would not return with it. So he decided to scout around and turning himself invisible went round the city listening to people's talks.

At last he came to the edge of the forest bordering the city and saw a lone hermit squatting in front of a hermitage. Surendra

was about to reveal himself when the hermit pursed his lips and blew a shrill whistle.

At once some ruffians appeared from the bushes and stood before the hermit. In answer to a query from the sage, one of them said, "Master, we did not steal the king's jewel. There are no other bandits here. How then can the jewel disappear?"

The hermit replied, "I think the king is lying. The jewel is still in his possession. By proclaiming its theft he hopes to draw suspicion away from him."

The bandits exclaimed, "Then let us kill the king and take away the jewel."

The hermit said, "Let us not be hasty. This will take some



planning. So go and carry out your banditry elsewhere. I'll give the word when the time comes."

At this the bandits dispersed.

Surendra stood near them invisible to their eyes and heard every word they had said. Then he went to the king and confronted him with the truth. But the king denied it vehemently and called his guards to arrest the prince. At once Surendra drew his sword and placing the point of his blade on the king's breast said, "If you don't celebrate the wedding of the princess with me, I shall kill you on the spot."

The king trembled in fear and said, "Don't kill me. I'll give you the pendant as well as my daughter. But tell me how you found out my secret?"

Surendra replied, "I overheard the conversation of some bandits in the forest. They knew the truth and were pre-

paring to attack you. If you return my heirloom, I'll save you from the bandits."

The king agreed and handed over the sun pendant. As soon as the prince received it in his hand, he threw it into the fire to the dismay of the king. Then Surendra said, "This sun pendant has been the cause of a lot of trouble. It is best destroyed. Now you can live in peace."

The king of Kanchanpuri saw the wisdom in these words and gave up all thoughts of the precious jewel. Then he gave his daughter in marriage to Surendra who returned with his bride to his father's kingdom and related all to Mamallava.

The old king patted his son on the back and said, "Well done, my boy. You have proved yourself worthy to be my heir."

So Surendra became king after his father's death and ruled wisely and well.





NO BRAIN

Kasinath was the ruler of Kasi. He was not a very bright fellow but if something took his fancy he would not rest until it was done. He had two sons whom he wanted to educate. So he sent them to a good teacher. After sometime he sent for the preceptor and asked, "Well, how are my sons studying?"

The master replied, "Sire, the older prince is well up in his studies, but the younger one has no brains."

The king exclaimed in some surprise, "What, no brains? Then let him acquire it."

The Guru replied, "Sire, most people in the world don't have any brains."

The king said pompously, "Is that so? Then in my land at least, there shall be no one without it. Everyone must have brains."

Then he dismissed the teacher and sent for his Minister and

ordered him to find a solution to the problem of brainlessness.

The Minister said anxiously, "Sire, I have heard that some medicines have the power to make brains grow, so let us consult our physicians."

So Kasinath called a conference of physicians and commanded them on pain of death to find a medicine which could put brains where none existed.

The physicians chorused in reply, "Sire, with our medicines we can improve weak brains, but how can we create where none exists?"

The king refused to take no for an answer and the royal proclamation went forth that anyone who could find a remedy to this vexatious malady would be suitably rewarded.

After some days, a man presented himself before the king and said, "Sire, I am descended from the race of

Dhanwantari, the great physician. My name is Vaidyanath. I can turn fools into intelligent men. You may test my powers."

The king asked eagerly, "I don't want to test anybody. Have you a powerful medicine which can create brains in human beings?"

Vaidyanath said airily, "Sire, I have it ready. Give the word and I shall transform your population within a year."

The king granted him permission to go ahead with his work, and donated large sums of money for that purpose. So Vaidyanath prepared his medicines and gave it to the people who not daring to disobey the king's orders swallowed it even though they knew full well that there was nothing wrong with their brains.

At the end of the year, Vaidyanath claimed his reward and the king sent his soldiers to

enquire whether there was anyone without his brains. The soldiers reported that there was no one without his brains, so the pleased king heaped presents on the wonder physician and recommended him to the kind notice of the paramount ruler who lived in Ayodhya.

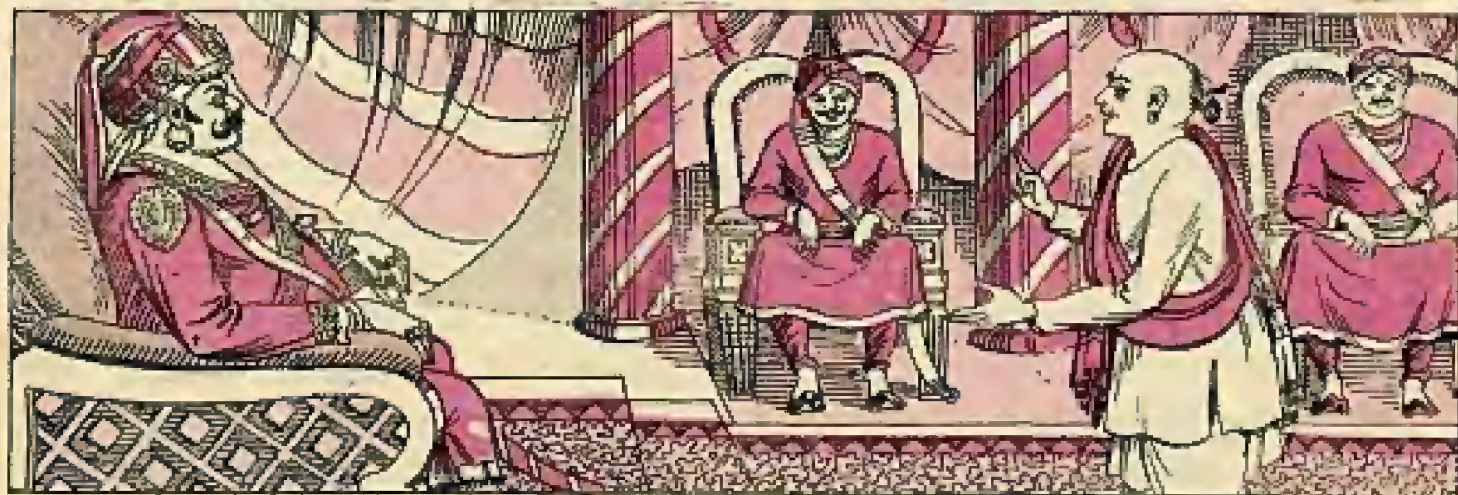
The ruler read the letter presented by Vaidyanath and enquired in amusement, "In the course of your treatment you must have met a lot of fools. Tell me, who was the greatest of them all?"

Promptly Vaidyanath said, "Kasinath, of course."

The Court laughed to hear this.

The Emperor smiled and said, "Vaidyanath, you are not only resourceful but bold as well. I shall make you ruler of Kasi in place of that foolish fellow, Kasinath."

Thus one man profited by the foolishness of another.





THE IMPOSSIBLE

Long ago, when Akbar the Great ruled India, a vassal king lost the nail of his little finger in a battle. Though the wound healed, no new nail appeared, and this caused the king no end of worry. He called his physicians and ordered them to seek a remedy but try as they might no one could do a thing about the king's ailment. Angered by their failure he shoved them into the dungeons, and whenever a new physician came to his city and failed to effect a cure confined him also. Thus in all the land there were no physicians and the remaining ones fled from that country for dear life.

Soon news of this dismal state of affairs reached the ears of Akbar the Great. He called Birbal, the celebrated wit, and

said, "Birbal, set about freeing the unfortunate physicians."

So Birbal disguising himself as a physician journeyed to the Court of the vassal king.

The latter hearing of the arrival of a new physician ordered him into his presence and asked, "Well, are you a physician?"

Birbal replied airily, "Indeed, I am, sire. I am the greatest physician of all times."

"Is that so? Well, make the nail on my finger grow," said the king.

"Pooh?" said Birbal. "Is that all? Have I journeyed from afar only for this? However, as you ask it, I shall certainly do it. Unfortunately I haven't brought my special box of medicines. Of course, if you are prepared to give what I ask

for, then my task will become easier."

The king stroked his moustache and said, "Ask and it shall be yours."

Birbal said, "Get me ten tolas of fig flowers, that too within a month. Only then will my medicine take effect."

The king said, "Very well. I shall send for what you require. Begin your treatment at once."

Birbal seemed lost in thought. Then he said, "Suppose you are unable to give me what I want! What then?"

The king boasted, "There's nothing that I can't do. Watch me."

So the royal proclamation went out and every loyal citizen was asked to contribute his quota of fig flowers.

But a month passed and still not a single fig flower had come in. Birbal drew the king's attention to it, but the king scratched his head and said, "Perhaps, my citizens are still searching for the flower. In any case, what do you want me to do?"

Birbal replied, "Free all the physicians imprisoned in your dungeons."

So the king freed all the physicians and when the latter learnt who had effected their freedom came in droves to thank Birbal and heap presents on him.





HOW A TIGER WAS KILLED?

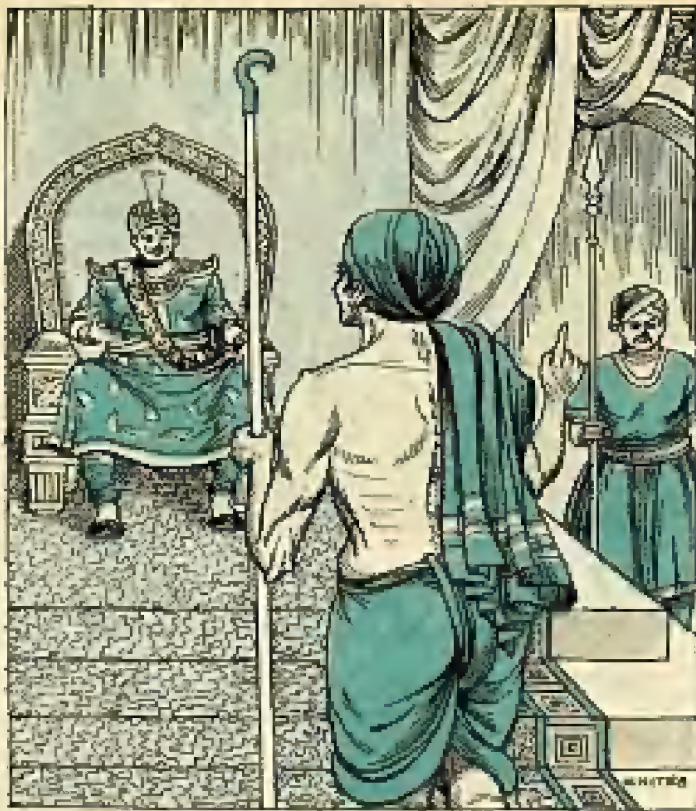
Near the city of Swarnapuri lived a cowherd named Madhu. Despite his lack of education he was an intelligent lad, and after his father's death looked after his family very faithfully. He was also rather strong and fearless to an extreme degree. His friends called him 'tiger man' to mark his courage and strength.

One day a tiger from the nearby hill sneaked into the outskirts of the city and carried off a lot of cattle. Day by day it became bolder and began to kill the farmers' livestock at will. The Lord of the local manor set out to hunt the animal but failed in his attempts to nail its hide. So he declared that he would give a handsome reward of a thousand rupees for anyone who could kill the tiger.

When news of this reached Madhu's village, all his friends surrounded him and said, "Madhu, come on. You are the man for this job. Go and kill the tiger and earn the reward."

His head turned by all this praise. Madhu agreed to hunt down the animal. But when he thought about it in private he did not seem enthusiastic about the project. After he could show off before his companions, but going against the most ferocious of the jungle beasts was an entirely different matter altogether.

Thinking about this deeply he went to the local Lord and said, "Sir, my name is Madhu. I can easily kill that tiger, but as I was down with flu for sometime, I have become rather weak. So if you can feed me for



sometime, I'll get my strength back. Then I'll track down the beast."

The Lord agreed and from that day on Madhu lived in the Lord's house happily. A month passed in this manner but Madhu showed no signs of embarking upon the hunt. His patience worn out, the Lord of the manor asked, "Madhu, when will you kill the tiger?"

"All in good time, sir," replied Madhu, "but first let me have a gun and some bullets."

So he was given a gun and some cartridges. That night Madhu ran to his house, woke his mother up from her slumber and said, "Mother, its dangerous for us to stay here any

longer. Let's go away from this place."

Then both of them gathered their meagre belongings and trekked through the forest. After they had gone some distance, they decided to rest. Madhu made his mother climb a tree and sleep in the fork of some branches. He made a bundle of his belongings and suspended it from a branch. He chose another high fork and curled up to sleep.

The midnight hour struck and the tiger left its lair and padded its way into the forest. As it neared the tree on which Madhu lay, it caught the scent of the humans and with a nerve shattering roar crashed against the trunks of the tree. The tree shook with the impact and the pots and pans cascaded about the ears of the feline beast. A jar of spices broke and some red hot chilli powder got into the eyes of the tiger. Pawing its eyes frantically in great pain the tiger leaped high in the air. Just then Madhu who had been awakened from his dreams put up his gun and shot in haste. But he missed and the next minute the tiger bounded away across the clearing only to fall into a disused well. The well



was deep with smooth sides and the tiger tried to claw its way up. But each time it tried it fell back, and Madhu who had guessed what had happened ran up to the edge of the well and shot the tiger through the head as its ears poked over the top. With a splash the tiger fell into the well and died.

Then picking up his mother, who had fainted at the sight of the striped menace, Madhu

went back to the village. Hiring a cart he came to the well and hauling up the carcass of the beast laid it on the straw floor of the cart. Then he drove to the Lord to claim his reward. The Lord of the manor was very happy that the dreaded tiger had been killed. He not only gave Madhu the reward, but also gifted him a whole village in appreciation of his brave deed.

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?

ANSWERS

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Earl Atlee | 9. Bengali |
| 2. Saudi Arabia | 10. Ernakulam |
| 3. Justice Hegde, Justice Grover and Justice Shelat | 11. Rabindranath Tagore in 1913 (Sir C. V. Raman won it in 1930) |
| 4. Nagpur | 12. Japan |
| 5. Washington D. C. | 13. Pakistan; At Barcelona, Spain in 1971. |
| 6. Carbon | 14. Abebe Bikila; Ethiopia |
| 7. Sugar | 15. 1928; Netherlands |
| 8. Iris | |



THE CLEVER THIEF

Long, long ago the forests of the Vindhya ranges were the home of fierce robber bands. The chief of one such band was on his death bed. A few days before his death, he called his band together and said, "I shall soon die. You must elect a new leader in my place. In my lifetime I have failed to carry out only three thefts. He who can execute them successfully deserves to be the leader of this band."

The bandits asked what those thefts were, and the dying chief said, "First, I could not steal the flocks of sheep belonging to Nathu Singh. Secondly, I failed to steal the golden slippers of Nagraj, the village headman. Thirdly, I wanted to steal the star necklace of the king. If one of you can do all the three

then he is fit to be the leader after I am gone."

Soon after the chieftain died, the robbers tried to steal all the articles mentioned by the dead man. But no one succeeded and at last a robber named Bhupat said he would accomplish the tasks.

At first he went to the village where Nathu Singh lived and found out that the latter never left the side of his flock. How could a man guard his flocks day and night without sleeping a wink? So he went to Nathu Singh's house when the latter had gone to graze his flocks and knocked on the door. When the wife of Nathu Singh opened the door he said hurriedly, "Madam, is it a fact that someone stole your husband's flocks of sheep?"

At once the wife replied, " I knew it was bound to happen. What is the use of pretending to guard the flocks? In reality my husband sleeps while on guard, but someone has apparently found this out and stolen the sheep."

Bhupat wanted to know just this and so the next night while Nathu Singh snored on his feet, drove the flocks off into the forest to show his friends.

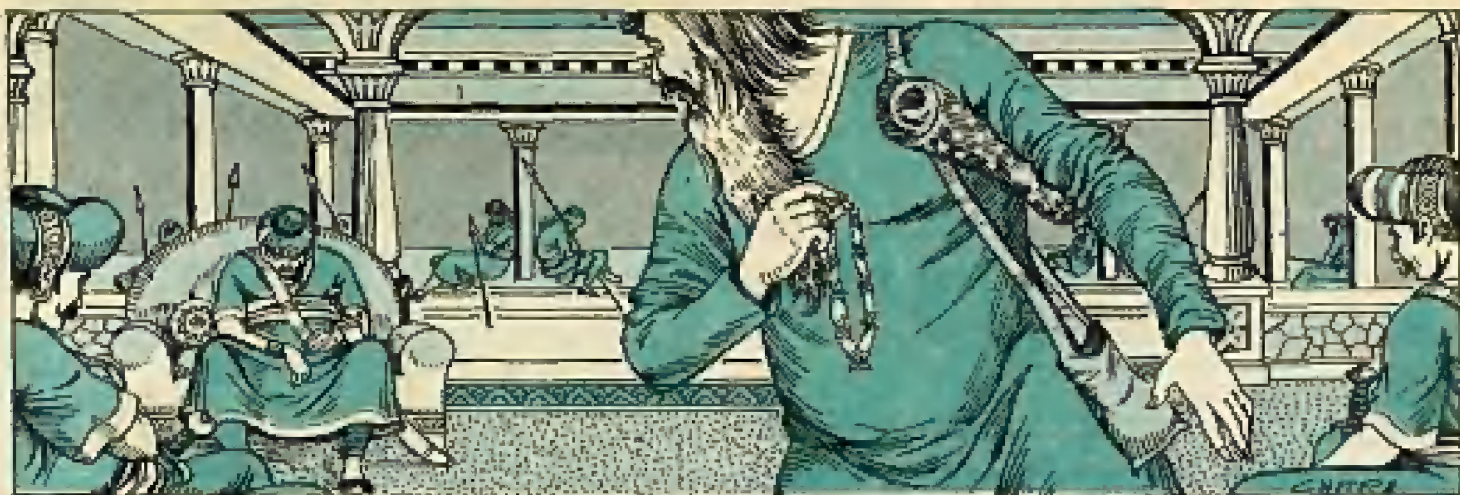
Then he went down to the foothills where Nagraj, the village headman, lived. He watched the headman's activities for a while and carefully noted that he chose a certain path which he traversed to and from the village. Bhupat set up an idol of the snake god in the path and anointed it with sandal paste. Then he strewed a lot of flowers all round the idol to indicate that a number of people had worshipped it. This done he hid himself behind a tree to await the coming of Nagraj.

When Nagraj took his usual route, he was surprised to see the idol, and being a devout man, stopped before it and removing his slippers bowed his head in prayer. Quickly Bhupat slipped from behind the tree



and picking up the slippers ran off into the forest. His friends applauded him for his cleverness.

The third task, that of stealing the king's star necklace still remained. So Bhupat went to the city and learnt that the king had only three daughters but no son. So he donned the garb of an ascetic and presented himself before the king. The latter welcomed him hospitably and enquired what he could do for him. Eyeing the necklace which nestled on the king's neck, the rogue replied, "Oh king! Perhaps you have no male heir to your throne. This is due to the star necklace you wear round your neck. The



stones are obviously flawed."

The king was rather surprised. So he took off the necklace and gave it to Bhupat to examine. The thief took the necklace in his hand and fingering the diamonds said, "Tonight I shall recite some spells over this necklace and correct the flaws. Then you can wear it and soon a son will be born to you."

The gullible monarch gave the necklace to the false hermit and went to prepare for the ceremonies. But he locked up the hermit securely in a wing of the palace. When night came, the thief began his mumbo-jumbo in a loud voice. As the hours sped by his sonorous drone put the

guards to sleep. Seizing this opportunity the clever thief scaled the walls and made good his escape.

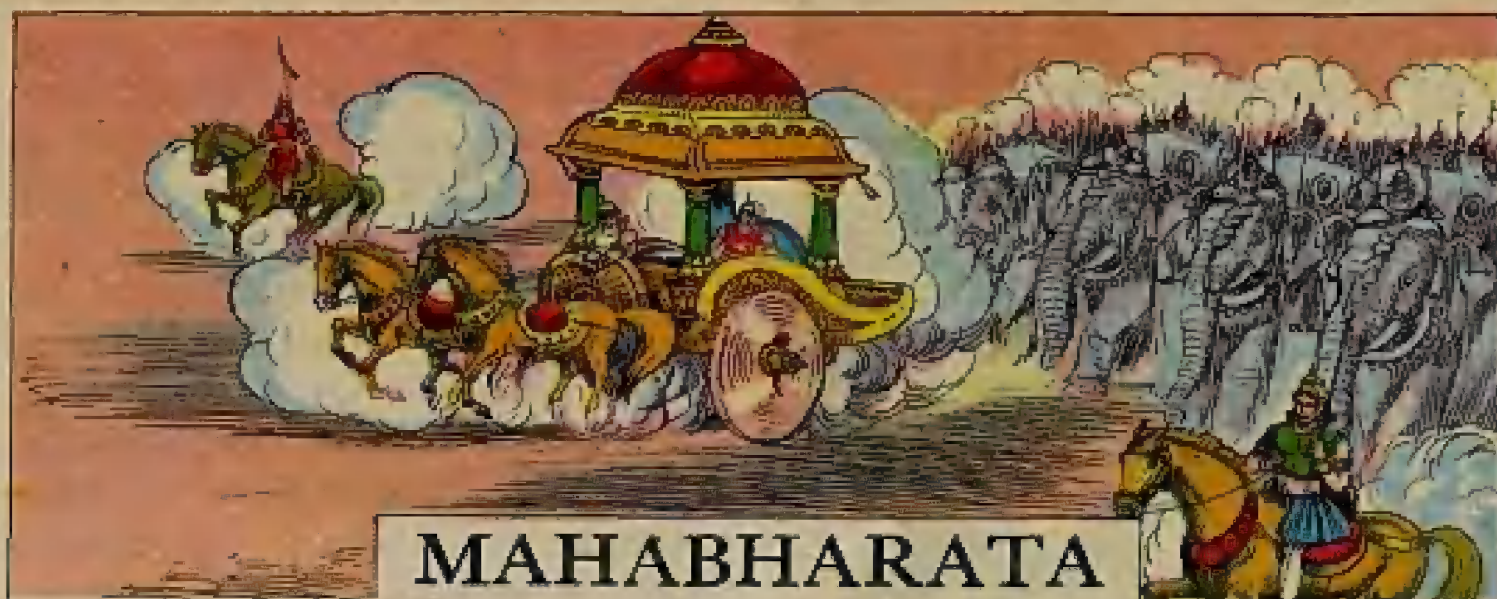
When the king heard how he had been duped he was put out a great deal. But he realised that such a man was useful to his kingdom. So he proclaimed a public pardon for the outlaws and made Bhupat his Minister in Court.

Thus he was able to carry out the three tasks set by his erstwhile leader. Naturally his comrades chose him as their leader.

From that day on, all thefts ceased in the land and the people had never to fear from bandits.

Laughter is not only an anti-poison, it is also a tonic for individuals and for nations.

—K. A. Abbas



MAHABHARATA

The battle was raging long and fierce. Arjuna had not as yet realised that his son Irawanth was dead on the battlefield. He was busy in destroying the Kaurava forces. On the other side Bhishma was rapidly increasing his tally of the enemy killed.

When Irawanth fell, Ghatothkacha took up a bright trident and fell on the Kauravas. Soon the enemy forces were in a big rout, and at last Duryodhana came out in person to meet the challenge. He was supported by the King of Vanga and his massive ten thousand strong elephant corps.

Ghatothkacha ordered his legions to attack the elephants. Duryodhana noticing the havoc his was having in his ranks began to shower his arrows on Ghatothkacha's son. Undaunted

Ghatothkacha hurled a thunderbolt at Duryodhana, but quickly the King of Vanga moved an elephant in front. The animal was instantly killed by the powerful weapon. Then Ghatothkacha renewed his onslaught with great vigour and slew countless number of his enemies.

Yudhishtira admiring his valour said to Bhima, "Brother, your son is waging a lone battle. Go to his aid."

At once Bhima swung his mace and charged the Kaurava ranks. Abhimanyu, the Upapandavas, Neela, Sathyadrithi, Sousidhi, Srenimantha, and Vasudasa accompanied him.

Duryodhana's rage rose uncontrollably at the reverses suffered by his armies, so he hurled his weapons at Bhima, and had the satisfaction of seeing the Pandava colossus wilt



under the barrage of arrows. Noticing Bhima's plight, Ghatothkacha and Abhimanyu surrounded Duryodhana, and began a fierce fight which soon had the latter gasping for breath. When Drona raced up to the aid of Duryodhana, Ghatothkacha began to demonstrate his wizardry, and fought a running battle with his enemies.

At once Duryodhana rushed up to Bhishma and said, "Grandfather, we rely upon you as much as the Pandavas depend upon Lord Krishna. Now this Ghatothkacha is cutting our forces to pieces. You must destroy him."

Bhishma replied, "Very well, we'll send Bagadatta against

Ghatothkacha." Then he called Bagadatta and said, "Bagadatta, you have experience in fighting against the Titans. Go and kill Ghatothkacha."

Bagadatta in obedience to this command got on his elephant Subiradhika, and charged at Bhima's chariot. At once, the Kekayas, Upapandavas, Abhimanyu, Kings Dasarna, Kshattradeva, and Chitraketu, showered their arrows on the mighty tusker. But the great pachyderm brushed aside the stinging arrows and gored many of the Pandava warriors to death. Ghatothkacha fighting in another part of the field wheeled round to attack the mammoth animal. At about this time Arjuna was informed of the death of Iravanth, and in deep anger and sorrow, he requested Lord Krishna to drive the chariot into the thick of the battle. Bhima for his part killed Kundali, Anadrishi, Kumbabedi, Virata, and Dirga-nethra.

When the twilight hour arrived, the combatants stopped the battle and retired to their camps.

In his camp, Duryodhana nursing his wounds spoke to the select company of

cronies "Bhishma, Drona and Salliya have not been able to kill the Pandavas. Day by day our forces are getting smaller and smaller. How can I avenge this great insult? How can we win over the Pandavas?"

Then Karna boasted, "Let Bhishma quit the battlefield and I will destroy the Pandavas in a trice. Only then will Bhishma know the greatness of my powers. Bhishma loves the Pandavas too much. That is why he spares their lives. Relieve him of his command. Then you'll see what I do to the Pandavas."

Heartened by these words, Duryodhana went to Lord Bhishma and said, "Grandfather, perhaps you are angry with me. That is why you do not kill the Pandavas. If you do not wish to harm the Pandavas, then you should quit the command of the forces. Karna will lead them into battle."

Lord Bhishma's face darkened in terrible anger. In a grim voice he said, "Duryodhana, know that your time has come for a speedy death. You talk like a fool. When have I not done my best in the battlefield? You forget that our



enemies are extremely powerful. Arjuna is peerless in waging a war. Where was this prattler Karna when you were captured by the King of the Gandharvas? Did he not show a clean pair of heels then? When we tried to rustle their cattle, was it not Arjuna, who single-handedly repulsed us? You started this war. I shall feel glad if you can destroy your enemies all by yourself. As far I am concerned, barring Sikhandi, I am willing to kill all others. If I fail in my task, I shall die on the battlefield. Watch what I do tomorrow on the battlefield."

Duryodhana was elated to hear this. So he told his

assembled troops. "Lord Bhishma is determined to wipe out our enemies. Make sure that he comes to no harm."

Sakuni, Salliyá, Kripa, Drona and Vivimsathi promised to protect the old Patriarch.

On the ninth day of the war, Bhishma arranged his armies in a formation known as Sarva-thobhadra.

As the battle commenced, Abhimanyu drove forward like lightning and launched a blistering attack on Saindhava, Kripa, Drona and Aswathama. So Duryodhana sent the titan Alambasa to oppose him.

But after a prolonged and losing battle, Alambasa retreated headlong. Now Bhishma moved up to engage the Pandava stripling in a keen duel. On both sides the warriors fought on relentlessly and the field ran red with the blood of the wounded and the slain.

The gory day came to an end, and the armies rested for the night.

In the Pandava camp, the Pandavas pondered over the ways and means of defeating Bhishma. Then Lord Krishna said, "Don't worry. If Arjuna does not kill Bhishma, then I may have to accomplish that task. If Bhishma falls, Victory is yours. But Arjuna can, if he tries hard, kill Bhishma."

Then Yudhishtira said, "Lord Krishna, Bhishma is interested in our welfare. So I could go and ask him how we can defeat him, perhaps he will even tell us how we can kill him. But is it right to kill such a great warrior in this manner?"

Lord Krishna smiled and said softly, "True, Yudhishtira. Great warriors like Bhishma know how they can be killed. So go and ask him."



THE MAN WHO PULLED THE LION'S TAIL

Long, long ago a young soldier called Johann was returning home from the wars. It was a beautiful day, and he whistled happily as he walked along a forest path for he was looking forward to seeing his home again.

Suddenly he came to a clearing in the trees and saw a big, wicked-looking grey wolf cutting logs with an axe. Johann noticed an evil gleam in the wolf's eye that seemed to say, "You would make a very tasty meal." But Johann was a very clever young man and he walked boldly up to the wolf and said: "My dear wolf, there is a much easier way to split logs. May I show you?"

The wolf agreed immediately and gave the axe to Johann who started to cut the logs. At the third log, the axe got stuck in the wood, and Johann turned to the wolf and said: "Would you mind putting your paw in the crack to hold it open, so that I can remove the axe?" The wolf, glad to help the soldier to do *his* work, obligingly put his paw in the crack.

Of course, when Johann took out the axe the crack closed up and the wolf's paw was held fast!

Ignoring the wolf's cries for help, Johann went on his way, knowing that he was now quite safe from the wicked wolf.

As he walked on, Johann saw a fox gazing up at a cherry tree and wishing that he could reach the luscious red cherries. When he saw Johann he said, "Please, kind sir, could you help me to reach those cherries?"

"Certainly," smiled young Johann, and he found a long pole and tied the fox to the end





of it. Then he lifted the fox high into the air so that the fox was now looking down on the cherries. But he still could not reach them.

"I say," said the fox, "could you put me a little lower down?" There was no answer, Johann had gone.

"That will teach that greedy fox not to steal cherries," thought Johann as he walked on cheerfully towards home.

When Johann came out of the forest he found himself walking towards a bustling town, and he went to the market-place to see if he could find something to eat.

There were all sorts of people there, beggars, pedlars, housewives and pickpockets, and they all seemed to be talking excitedly about 'ten thou-

sand men.' Johann forgot his hunger, and went up to a group of people to find out what they were talking about. One of the men told him what all the fuss was about. He said that all the young men of the town, ten thousand altogether, had gone to the king's palace to seek his daughter's hand in marriage. The king had said that the bravest man would marry her, but he insisted that all the suitors try a test of bravery first and every one of them had failed it.

Johann could not resist the challenge of this test, so he, too, went to the palace to try.

Just as he was entering the palace, he met one of the rejected suitors and Johann asked him what the test was.

"Well," said the young man, "the king told me to tug his beard and, as I did it, he shouted 'booh' right in my face! I was so startled that I must have jumped three feet. After all, it's bad enough pulling a king's beard without him shouting 'booh' as well!"

Johann agreed that it was a difficult test to pass, and then he went in to try for himself, determined to pass it now that he knew what to expect.

So, when the king shouted

'booh' in his face, he steeled himself, and did not move a muscle.

"Very good!" shouted the king (who was very fond of shouting). "You have passed the first test, now for the second."

Johann had not known that there was a second test, and this made him a little nervous. "What is the second test, Your Majesty?" he asked, as boldly as he could manage.

"You must spend a whole day in a lion's cage," said the king, "and, after that, you may marry my daughter, the princess."

Johann looked at the princess who was standing beside her father and smiled at her. He decided that perhaps it was worth it to risk his life in a lion's cage if he could marry a girl as beautiful as she was.

He began to make a plan of action. At first he wondered if perhaps this was not more than he had bargained for, but Johann was a very clever young man and he had soon thought of a way to spend the day safely in the lion's cage.

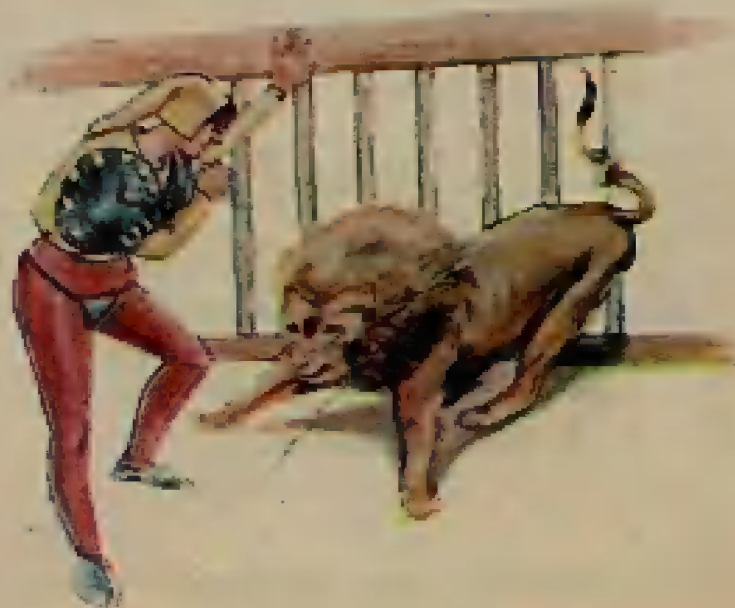
When Johann went into the cage the next day, his pockets were bulging with sweets, which

he offered to the lion (who had, like all lions, a very sweet tooth). When all the sweets had gone, the lion looked at him and said sadly: "Thank you very much for the sweets, but I am afraid that I am still hungry and I will really have to eat you."

"Just a moment," said Johann hastily, "let's play a game first. It will help you to work up a better appetite."

The lion agreed. "What is the game?" he asked. "It had better be a good one."

"Oh, it is," exclaimed Johann. "It is called tail-pull." Before the lion realized what was happening, Johann tied his tail to one of the bars of the cage, and then sat down on the other side of the cage. "You see, the object of the game, is to stop you from eating





me," Johann laughed.

The lion was furious, but there was nothing he could do because he was tied too securely.

At the end of the day the king came to see how Johann was getting on, although he

expected to see only his shoes in the cage! He was very surprised to find the lion and the young soldier chatting quite peacefully, and when he realized what Johann had done, he roared with laughter.

"Well, my boy," he said when he had finished laughing, "you are a brave and intelligent lad and I think you will make a fine son-in-law."

Then he turned to his courtiers and said, "Prepare a great feast, for this is the man who is to marry my daughter and, one day, rule my kingdom."

And so the princess and the soldier were married, and they were very happy all the rest of their lives.

WONDERS WITH COLOURS

Follow the left and colour the right.





THE FRIENDLY CROWS

Once upon a time there lived a lad named Kishan. His mother had died when he was young, and his father had gone blind in both eyes. So poor Kishan led a lonely life, fending for himself.

Everyday he cooked his own meal and at lunch time tossed a few morsels to the crows that crowded the verandah of his tiny hut. The crows were his constant companions and sitting on the mud walls of his verandah looked sideways at Kishan and chattered incessantly.

One day, Kishan cooked a little less than usual, and after feeding his blind father, discovered that nothing was left to be given to the crows. He did not know what to do as the

thought of disappointing his bird friends weighed heavily on him.

The crows came flying at the appointed hour and settled on the low wall expectantly. But poor Kishan stood and watched them sorrowfully.

Noticing his dispirited air, one of the crows flew away and soon returned with an object between its beak. The crow dropped the object before the boy who saw it to be the signet ring of the king. He resolved to return it to the king and asked his father what he should do. His father said.

"Kishan, it will take many days to reach the capital and hand the ring to the king. Better give it to the Head Constable of this village who is sure



to reach it to the king.”

When the Head Constable saw the ring he exclaimed, “This is the ring that was stolen from the palace. The king has ordered that the thief should be arrested and sent to him. So, as you are the thief, I shall have to take you to the king.”

Poor Kishan pleaded his innocence but no one listened to him. His hands were bound behind him, and guarded heavily, he set out for the capital with the Head Constable riding ahead.

After they had travelled some distance, the Head Constable stopped his horse to rest under a tree. He told his guards to

go ahead with Kishan and he would rejoin them a little later.

So the guards set out, and after travelling some miles rested in the shade of a tree. Soon they fell asleep and were snoring loudly. Just then some crows came flying and pecked at the ropes that bound Kishan’s hands. Freed at last, the lad took a short cut through the fields, and reached the capital well in advance of the snoring guards. He went straight to the palace and luckily for him was ushered into the presence of the king without much difficulty.

Then Kishan related how he had come by the ring, and what had happened to him at the

hands of the Head Constable.

The king marvelled at the boy's story and said, "Well, lad, here are a thousand gold Mohurs. Go home and live happily. This is the reward for your honesty."

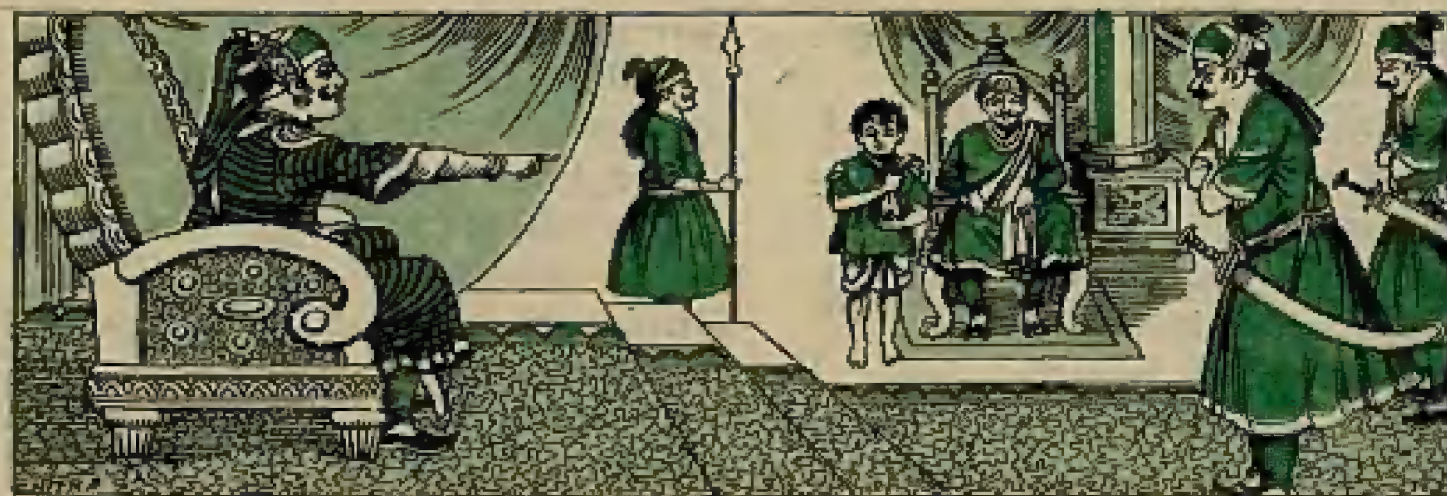
Just then the Head Constable arrived huffing and puffing and said pompously, "Sire, we caught the notorious thief who stole your ring. We were bringing him to the palace, but somehow he slipped away from our hands. However, here is your ring."

The king smiled and said, "You don't have to search for Kishan. This is he. He was honest enough to give you the ring so that it could be sent to me. Does that not prove that he did not steal it? If you had used brains you would have seen it at once. However, now

you shall escort him home safely. As I have rewarded him with a thousand gold Mohurs, see that he comes home no harm."

At these words of the king the Head Constable became crestfallen, but escorted Kishan home very safely.

Kishan praised the king for his generosity and kindness and with the reward money bought some land which he cultivated carefully. He built a lovely house, but did not forget his friends, the crows. He built a specially raised platform in front of his house which became known as the "Crow Platform", because the birds came flying there to eat the food he gave them. All his life Kishan remained grateful to the crows who had made his fortune.





Home is Heaven

Once upon a time, the king of a certain land and his minister disguised themselves as ordinary citizens and set out to observe how their subjects lived.

One day as they were passing through a village, they saw an old woman seated on her doorstep and bemoaning her fate loudly.

"Oh! Lord, why do you trouble me so. Gather me unto you quickly."

The king heard this and went up to her.

"Grandmother," he said, "What ails you? Why do you complain so?"

So the woman replied, "Son, sit here. Your friend too. I'll tell you what troubles me. I have a granddaughter who is married. Her mother-in-law

does not permit her to visit me. So I am lonely and sad."

The king said, "Grandmother, your tale moves me. Here are a hundred rupees. Take them and you can be happy."

Then the king went back to the place.

A week later, the king chanced to pass by that way again, and saw the old woman seated on her doorstep, and lamenting loudly.

"Oh! Lord, when will my troubles be over? When will you call me to paradise?"

The surprised king went up to the dame and said, "Well, Granny, aren't you happy with the money I gave you?"

The old dame replied, "Of course, I am happy. I have

hid the money in a secret place hoping to give it to my granddaughter, but I am afraid, that some thief may yet steal it."

The king said, "Grandma! don't worry. Come and live with me in my palace. I'll send my guards to escort you there."

The old woman took up residence at the palace. A few days later, the king came to see her and asked her how she liked life at the palace.

The old woman replied, "Well, it's not too bad. But I wonder what has happened to my old cottage."

The king laughingly asked, "Why worry about that?"

The old crone replied, "You see, my granddaughter may come visiting me, and she will be disappointed not to find me there."

The king reassured her and made arrangements to bring the granddaughter and her baby to the palace. But the girl was not happy in the palace as she was unaccustomed to such luxury. Moreover she was afraid of offending the high officials and hardly talked to anyone, least of all to her grandmother. Two days later, she announced abruptly that she



was going home and left the palace with the money given to her by the old woman.

Now grandma was sorely disappointed that her granddaughter had not stayed with her some more, and spoke to the king who came to find out whether she was happy at last.

Said the old woman, "If I had stayed home, I'd be busy doing this or that. Here I have nothing to do."

So the king ordered the princess to give small chores to the old lady.

But grandma was not happy with the arrangement and longed to go back to her humble cottage. She was forever look-



ing at the keys of her cottage and heaving gentle sighs of resignation.

The princess noticed this and asked "Granny, are you still unhappy?"

The old woman replied, "If I could just go back once and look at my cottage, I think I'd be happy. Do ask your father to let me go back for a few days."

So the princess told her father, the king, and the latter disguising himself as an ordinary palace guard escorted

the old woman back to her own home.

Arriving at her cottage, grandma quickly went in and busied herself in cleaning up the place. Then she spread her bed on the floor, and sighed contentedly.

"Thank God, I've truly come home. Life in the palace is not for me. My humble cottage is my heaven."

The king heard her murmuring to herself and realised that a person can be truly happy and free only in his own home.

SPOT THE DIFFERENCES

There are ten differences between the two cartoons. Find them out and enjoy for yourself. (Sorry, no clue anywhere in the Magazine.)

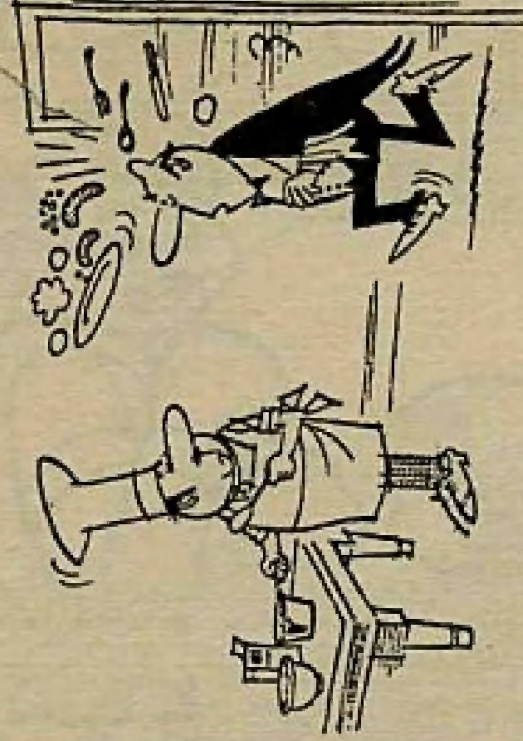


"Look, Daddy—Colour TV!"

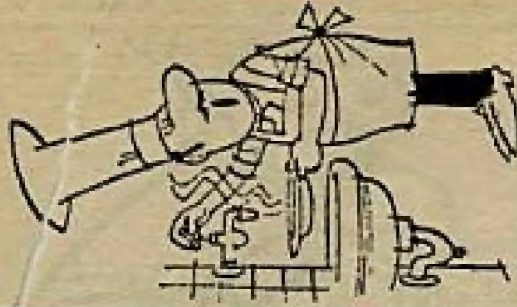


"Look, Daddy—Color TV!"

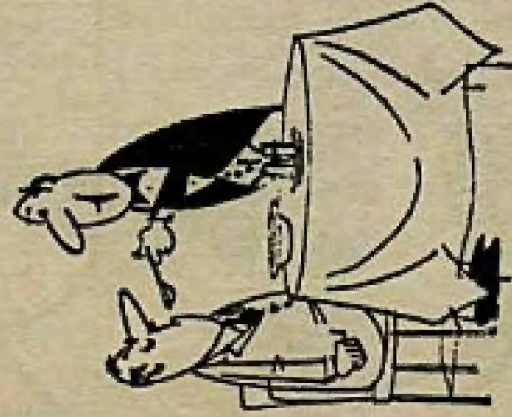
FIDDY has fun with FOOD



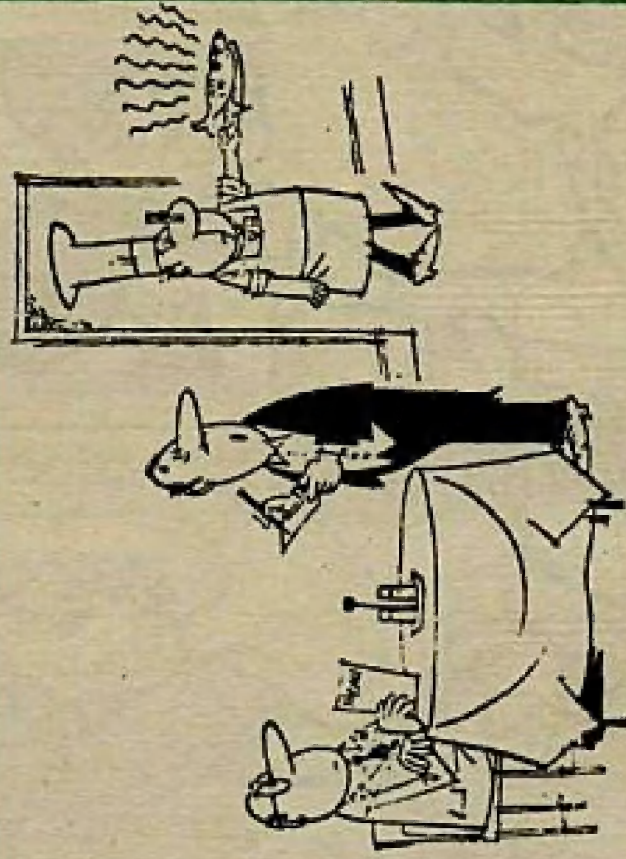
"We've got a difficult customer at number two table!"



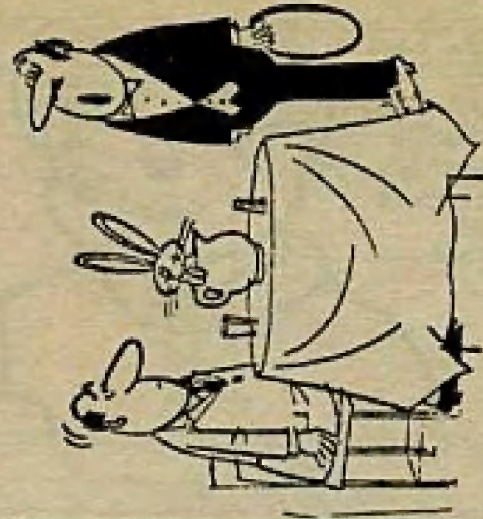
"One clear soup coming up!"



"Come on now—you want to grow big and strong, don't you?"



"I think the fish is . . . er . . . off!"

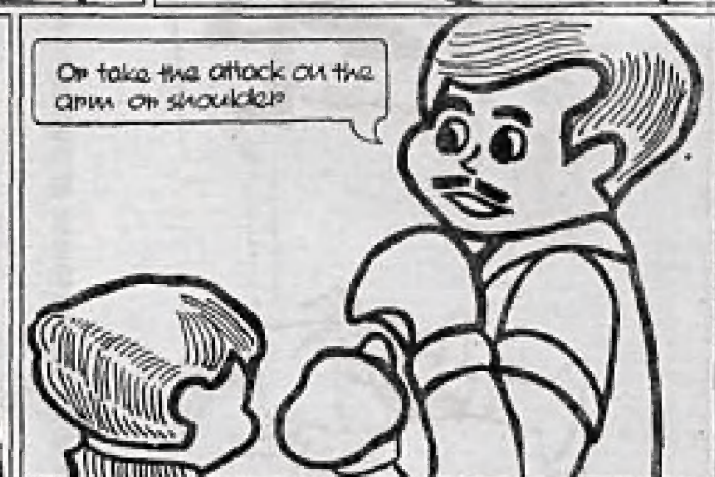


"You asked for jugged hare!"

Learning to look after himself...



One way to avoid a blow is to step back or sideways. Or, dodge back from the waist.





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